Her death

And when his love she died
he barely felt the prick of grief
infected though he was
with well on well of tears -
submerged it found no outlet
(others saw but he was blind)
until he often prayed for her in church
and thus aligned his broken heart and mind.
And then he saw in light of day
the reasons that he prayed
the debt of gratitude he owed to her
the elegance she was -
the mystéry why such a light
would shed her grace
on such a fool as him
(fool him and his disgrace).
And in the years before he came to church
he lived with heart and mind at odds
and thus his head a dodgem car
which bounced at all contact -
and all the while grief lay submerged
a grief he couldn't tell
not least because he felt the ebb
but couldn't see the well.
And when he talked of anything
communication failed
in speaking of her death
or just what passed today -
and thus it was her death
shook all (both branch and root)
although he tried to hear and speak
he may as well have been deaf mute.